COMMEMORATING THE ANIMATION!!

A "Saishu-Heiki Kanojo" side story, looking at the instantaneous life of Man, and the instantaneous glimmer of machines!!

I swear.

What I'm about to tell you...

about my best friend...

is a story which means absolutely nothing to the listener.

Not one bit...

There is no truth,

No justice,

巻頭カラー36P読み切り!!

FRONT-PAGE COLOR, 36-PAGE ONE-SHOT!!

*scans by nanashi
*edited by starskin
*translated by nanashi
SaoryCool www.saoryCool.com
Jiwon Juushin http://jiwonsight.org

LOVE ST ORY KILLED

But, for me, it's a priceless tale about the memories of my best friend
One that pisses off all who read
If this were a comic, it would be a shitty, offensive comic
Because this is a story about a fucking soldier, who, just as a fish can only survive in the water, can only survive on the battlefield.

*scans by nanashi
*edited by staralkin
*Translated by nanashi
sennpyCom! www.SennpyCom!.com
Jinmen Juushin http://jinmen.sighs.org

What I'm about to tell you is a retrospection about my best friend and me.
It is not beautiful in fact it irritates those who listen to it.
The reason being that this story takes place on the fucking battlefield.

両ぎエルフ
両ぎエルフ
両ぎエルフ
両ぎエルフ

5...
More shots ...
D...
Don't move!
.....
Don't move!

I asked you to not move
Hi
Um

Oh...
Hi.

I wanted to meet you too

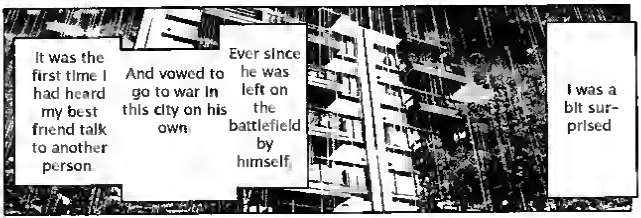
You can't fire bullets unless you turn off the safety, y'know
Which one?
Right there
And if you wanted to shoot me, you would have shot me in silence
Oh

Wanna come back to my place?
...And let me have sex with you there?

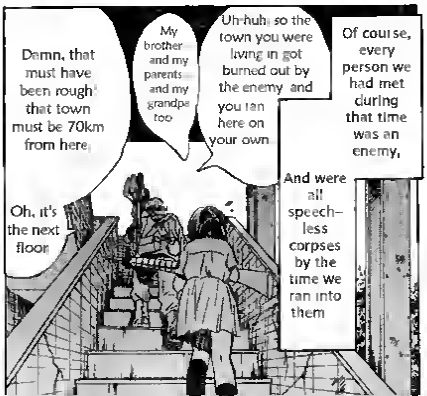
I don't need the ammunition. I'm so bored out here on my own so I collect guns
Um what do you mean you wanted to meet me

Oh yeah, you're hungry aren't you? I have lots of food, so c'mon!
Right now
...Can I kill you?
Oh, can you bring that gun too?

HUH?
はぁ?


It was the first time I had heard my best friend talk to another person.
And vowed to go to war in this city on his own.
Ever since he was left on the battlefield by himself,
I was a bit surprised

~Slam~
And this is my place. A 4-room mansion with living room, dining, kitchen and a penthouse.
It'd cost a couple hundred grand in peaceful times.

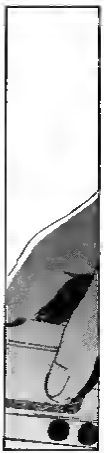

Damn, that must have been rough! that town must be 70km from here.
My brother and my parents... and my grandpa too.
Uh-huh, so the town you were living in got burned out by the enemy, and you ran here on your own.
Of course, every person we had met during that time was an enemy,
And were all speechless corpses by the time we ran into them.
Oh, it's the next floor.

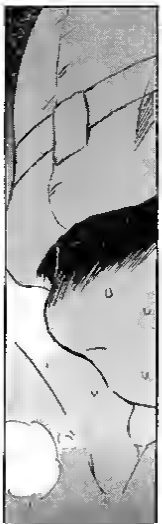
All of these guns... did you... um... y'know?
Yeah.
I polished them all up. I'm always bored by myself.
... No, I mean...

LOVE STORY ,KILLED.

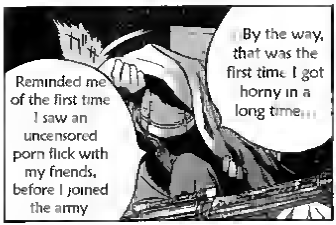
Nn, no...
Don't

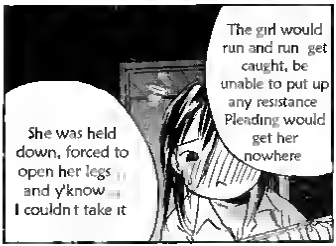
Sssh.
Save it for later
.. Wh... what's ... wrong?





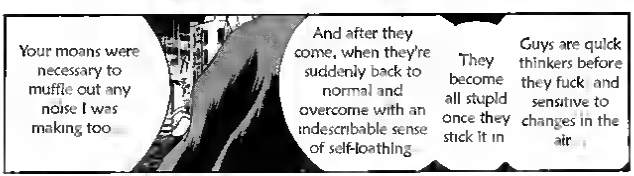
Prey.
They'll at least serve as "good luck charms"
.....
None of those ones have ammunition in them...
Guns without ammunition are just sticks...
Can I go with you? I'm, uh... scared
If you're scared, grab one of those sticks
Sticks...?
People like to gather close to other people...
This is a good place
Lots of prey come around here


By the way, that was the first time I got horny in a long time...
Reminded me of the first time I saw an uncensored porn flick with my friends, before I joined the army


The girl would run and run get caught, be unable to put up any resistance Pleading would get her nowhere
She was held down, forced to open her legs and y'know... I couldn't take it

Even if they know that there's no one there anymore...
They are close...

Y... you... you were watching me? From the beginning?
Yeah, I'm not a hero from a comic book
If I fired before you were raped, they would have found out where I was hiding and killed me, and then you would have been raped and killed too


Your moans were necessary to muffle out any noise I was making too...
And after they come, when they're suddenly back to normal and overcome with an indescribable sense of self-loathing...
They become all stupid once they stick it in
Guys are quick thinkers before they fuck and sensitive to changes in the air...

No matter how battered you would become... I wonder why?
That time... I... wanted you to live.
I wonder why...?
I was really thinking about killing you along with them, so that you wouldn't have to live in pain.
I was with him ever since he first became a soldier. I'm the only one who understands why.
I can under-stand
Why my best friend didn't kill this girl.

More shots

キュゥゥン

Girls sure are light
...How can you roll around so much from the recoil of an M-16?

Shit
She must have brought a loaded one with her.
Ahh... you... idiot...

Whoever moves loses...
We can't move from here for a while.
Shit... I missed 2 of them...

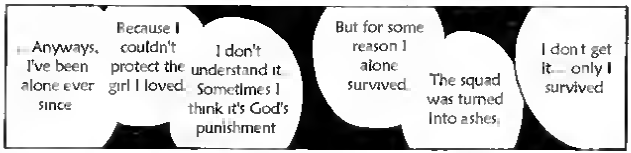
ドルルルル

And a girl who falls over backwards from the recoil definitely can't hit anything
Dumbass, an unadjusted gun won't hit anything.
Stop it.

Nnh
Stop it!
That's enough

Hhhhhhh...
Nn, nggghh
Nngh..
In times like these, it's best to stay put; it's always the guy who moves that gets killed.
Everyone gets a little crazy when they shoot at someone for the first time.
I'm sorry...
But when you were shooting... your eyes... they looked so happy...
.....
How about you? Aren't you a pro?
Me? Hell no
There aren't any professionals like that left
Look at this rain and thunder... you can't calmly figure out where the other guy was shooting from
..Have you settled down now?
to

That they didn't want to die, they wanted to live...
That it might still work out...
The guys who believed, from the bottom of their hearts...
Pros... are the ones who died first and got it over with.
I'm not a pro...


...Anyways, I've been alone ever since.
Because I couldn't protect the girl I loved.
I don't understand it. Sometimes I think it's God's punishment.
But for some reason I alone survived.
The squad was turned into ashes.
I don't get it... only I survived.

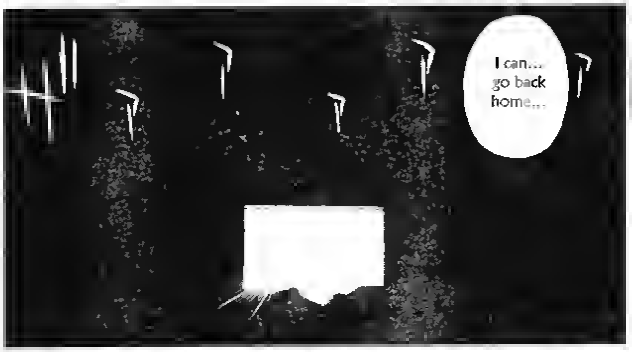
When they gave me ammunition for the first time in my life, I took one of the rounds and put it in my pocket.
This is my best friend.
I thought... that this thing would protect my life...

Those of us who joined the squadron afterwards were all given these heavy guns. I believed that they were the best guns.
The people who had the new guns... all died.

It's a reaaally beat-up gun.
What about this baby?

It's a type-64 rifle. The first gun ever made in Japan since the war way back when... a vintage. Probably should be in a museum.

When I fire this best friend inside my pocket...
I have 4 rounds on me...
I learned later that it would protect my life only in exchange for the lives of others
Every time I fire one, I feel like I'm slowly becoming human again.

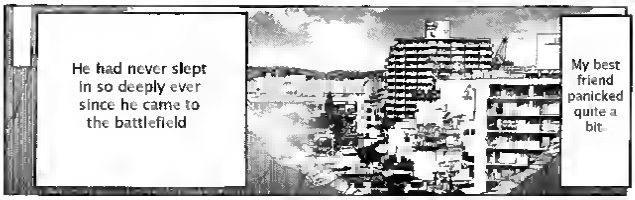

I can... go back home...

Nn...
Nn...

and they made me do lots of "work" really gross "work"

They took videos of me and then I had to do whatever they told me to

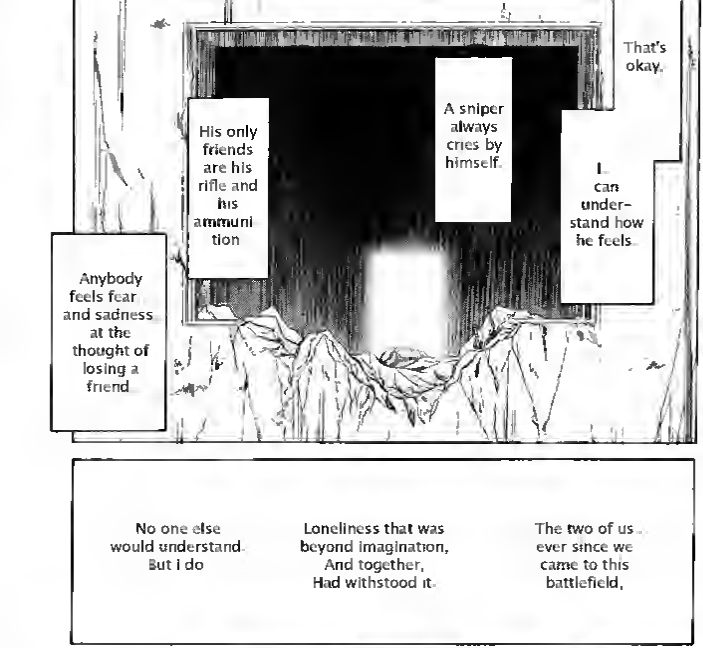
I was forced to by a senpai in my club


He had never slept in so deeply ever since he came to the battlefield
My best friend panicked quite a bit.

Right from the start, he missed the first shot
Despite the fact that, up until now, he had believed that having fewer and fewer rounds left would lead to his liberation from this fucking war.
For the first time, my best friend felt terror at how little ammunition was left.
4 shots left.
The rain had stopped, and having received over-exaggerated reports from cowardly patrol units, an entire squadron of enemies was out looking for us.

He hit with the second shot, but the enemy noticed him Three shots left.
He regretted firing in haste. Now his fear of death had turned into something that was certain and could be backed up.
Two shots left
It was an exaltation which posed questions about the meaning of my birth.
In contrast to my best friend's emotions, I was feeling exalted.
And unleash us!
Good, my friend, now send that into the chamber, quickly put your finger on the trigger.
My best friend automatically, truly instinctively, reached into his chest pocket.
and took his "good luck charm", his last round into his hand.
One shot left!

Cried because of the fear.
My best friend did not do as I hoped, but instead gripped me in his hand, suppressed his voice, and cried.


That's okay.
A sniper always cries by himself.
His only friends are his rifle and his ammunition
I can understand how he feels.
Anybody feels fear and sadness at the thought of losing a friend.

No one else would understand. But I do

Loneliness that was beyond imagination, And together, Had withstood it.

The two of us... ever since we came to this battlefield,

Here, you can still shoot now.
You can still kill lots and lots of people.
There's lots... lots of ammunition too
Um... here... they're from the guys you just killed, I brought them with me.
バラ
ゴト
ゴトッ
It pisses me off!
Blabbering on like it's your dream...
You can't be allowed to just walk away from this fucking war!
You can't do that! I won't let you!
What the hell's that...
What... the

and suffer, suffer and die! You fucking bastard!
Get all caught up in it... so deep that you can't get out... feel your regrets properly...

What're you doing?
WHAT'RE YOU DOING!?

Certainly no conscience
it is a story which does not have an ounce of meaning.

And offensive story
There is no truth

No justice.
No moral

is even more irritating than what I've told you so far
A truly annoying

What I'm about to tell you now, about what happened after that on this fucking battlefield

Was shot in the leg.
Raped.
And killed

The girl ran towards him, to collect all his brain matter which had splattered everywhere.

But he had 24 more rounds fired into him
And turned into a tattered mess.

The long and short of the story...
My best friend had already passed away.

Another one died the next day because of an illness.
And the last one took his own life.

Futhermore
Of the 3 soldiers who shot him one of them died 2 days later on the battlefield

Why did they kill?
Why were they killed?
Why did they have to rape?
Why did they die?

Everything is unrelated,
Everything is not worth thinking about,

Just an oh-so
annoying, irritating,

Offensive story.

To me it's a priceless memory. A story about my days of youth.

If you think it is disgusting, you can avert your glance. You can laugh, and dismiss it as a fabricated story.

The story I told you here is a reminiscent tale about my best friend and me.

He was supposed to die as a boy from the very beginning

A boy
He was really 17 years old, and had even been a virgin until a few months ago

My best friend was not a soldier But just a brat

I knew That he

There was no love

But there was no love there. Only something similar to love, something that had no meaning.

When he got his head shot out. Ran to his side and tried to gather all his brain matter back together.

The girl.

There was something there which was similar to friendship. However,

I do not know what that was,

I had a relationship with my best friend, which was not one of a soldier and his weapon.

And left rolling around on the floor to rot away, Saddened me deeply.

The fact that I was never used as a weapon,

And again, it has no meaning.

Today, let me at least be at his side. reminisce about our memories, similar to friendship and love, shed tears

And rot away together

A worthless hunk of metal, created to kill people but unable to do so.
The day my best friend died, the war finally ended for me too

I am a 308 NATO round.

Ahh, are they still sitting in that room, twinkling and reflecting the light?
The most harmless things on that battlefield.
The only things we left behind in that war.
LOVE STORY KILLED.
SHIN TAKAHASHI
END

If all creations are born with a reason,
the bullet that rots away must have had one too.